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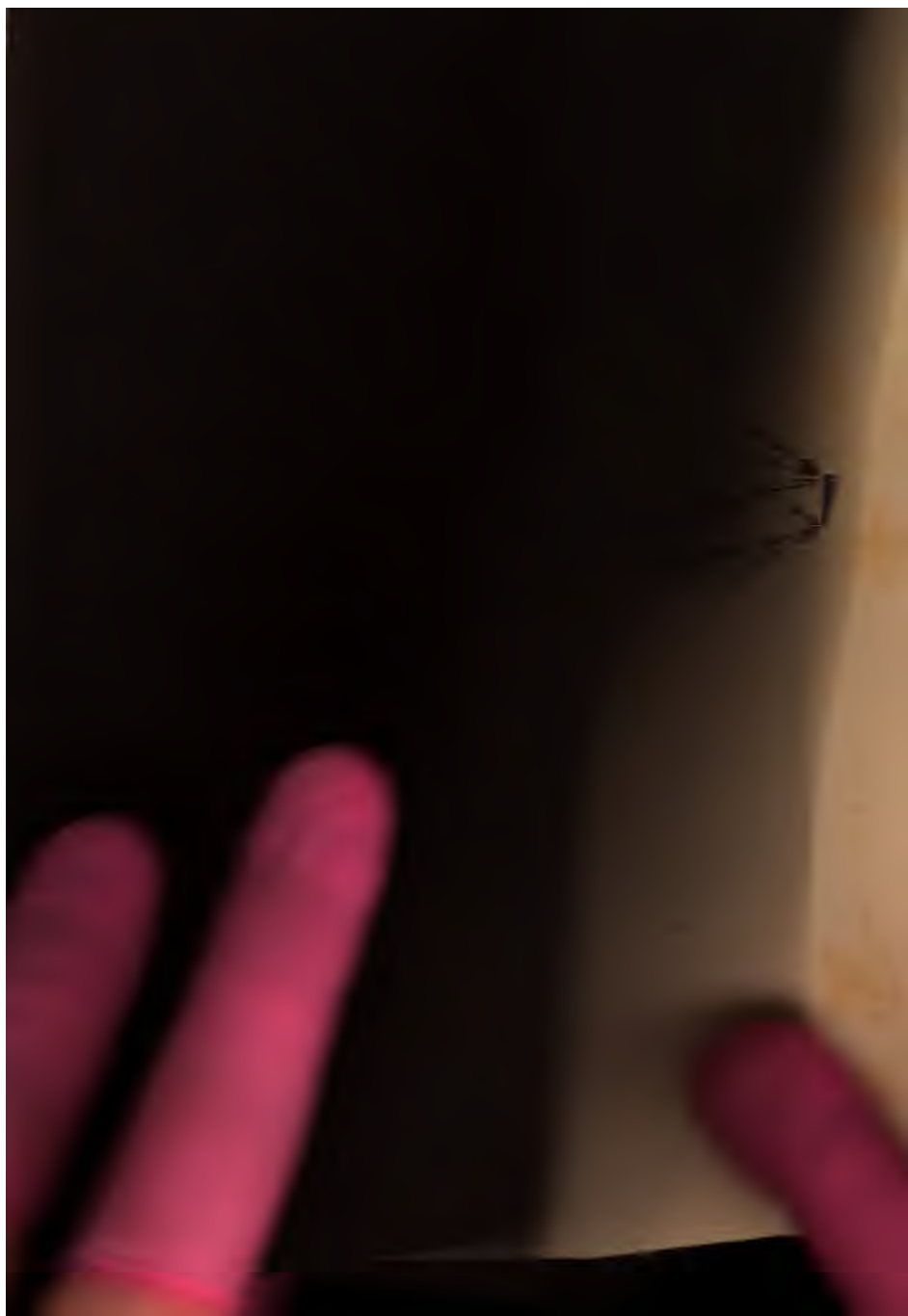
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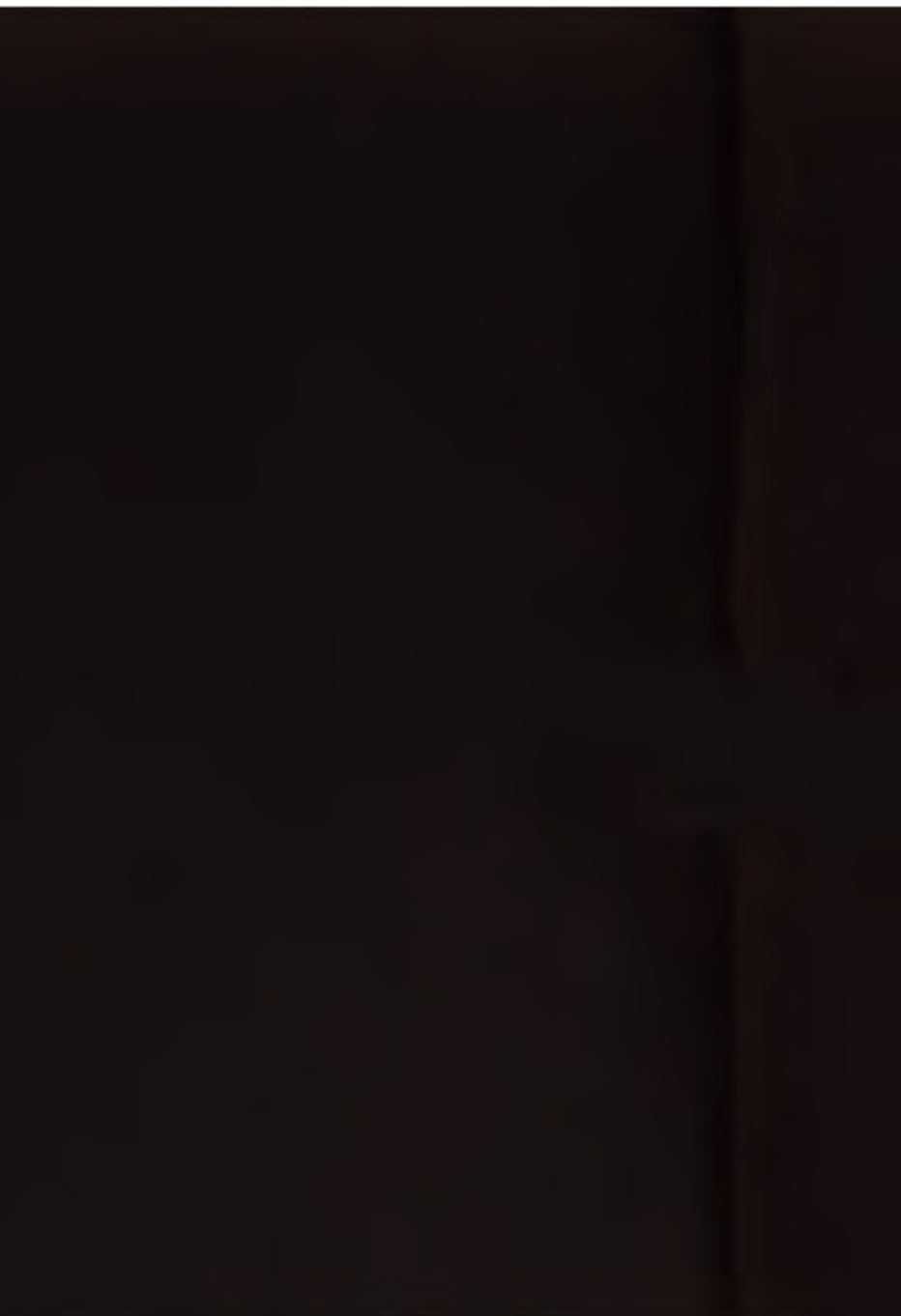


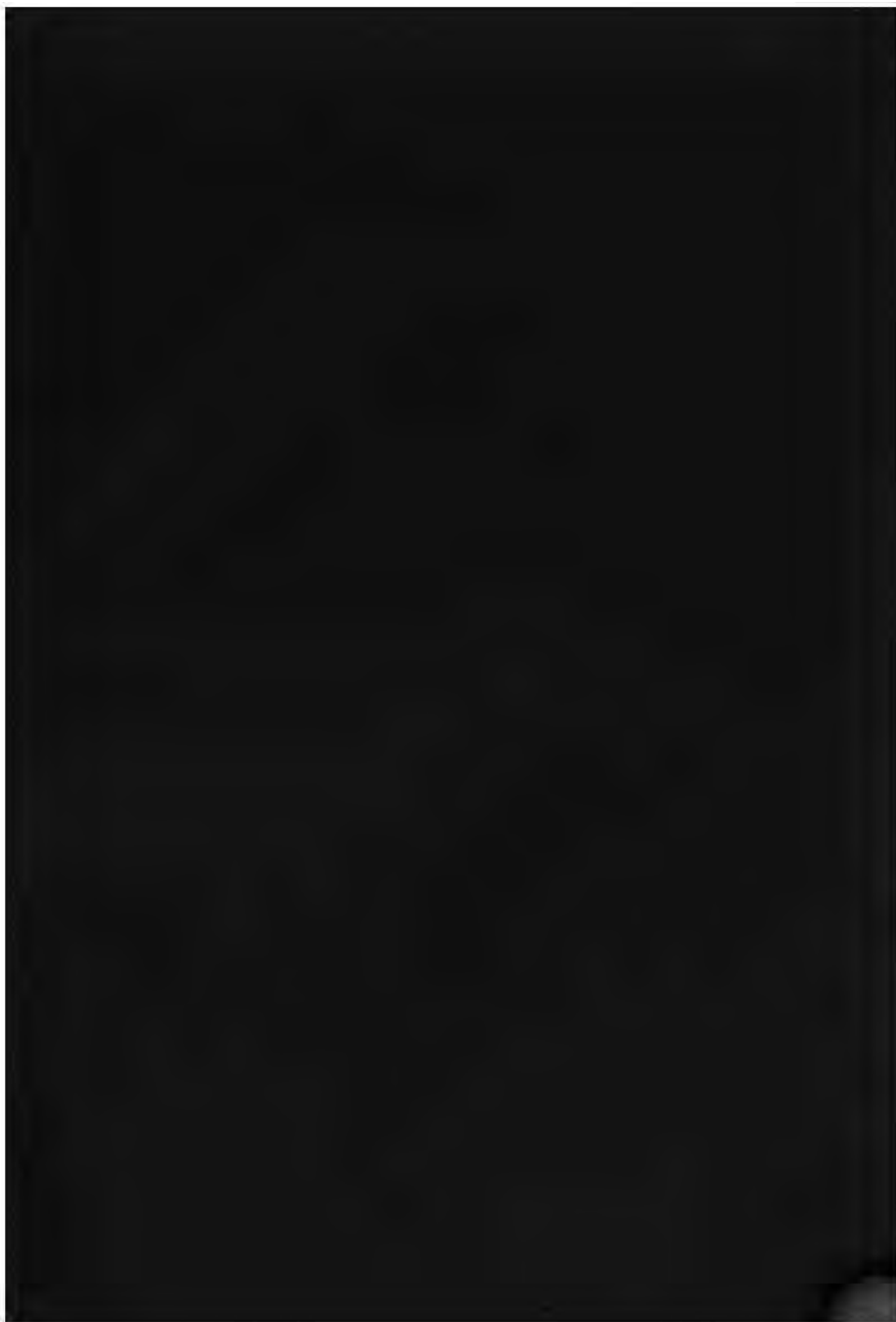


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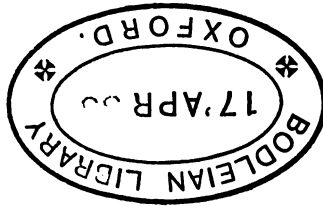
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BY
G. STRINGER ROWE.



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MEMOIR OF MARY CALVERT.

IF a habit of cheerful self-sacrifice, a frequent exposure to hardship, and sometimes to deadly peril, for the sake of others, make good the claim to true heroism, Mrs. Calvert's was, beyond all question, a heroic life. It was far more. The simple unconsciousness of her nobility, the gentle tenderness and modesty which clothed her bravest courage, the untiring and unfaltering instinct whereby she discovered opportunities of giving help and benefit to those around her, at the cost of her own unsparing toil, and often of her own suffering,—these fine features reached in her an excellence which no endowment or development of merely human qualities can explain. All that, in her course and character, excited the admiring wonder of many in different parts of the world, was to her the cheerful service of religious devotion, whereby, for much love's sake, she acknowledged God in all her ways, and rendered

all praise to Him with this witness, *By the grace of God I am what I am.*

When the history of that grace began in her life, it is impossible to determine. We know, it is true, the exact time of the crisis when she herself wholly submitted to the grace of God : but long before this, both by natural gifts and the imperceptible training of early circumstances, as well as by benignant influences, which, without her knowledge, were fashioning her temperament and character, God was preparing her for the important work to which she was to be called.

It was in the year 1814, in the village of Aston Clinton, in Buckinghamshire, that Mary Fowler was born, the last child, and of course the pet, of the family. Doubtless the little one received a larger share of loving tenderness because her young life was overcast by the shadow of disease, causing her much sharp suffering, and demanding the most assiduous nursing care which the mother could bestow, a care which in itself involved the infliction of pain, to the sore trial of the mother's heart. Already, in those early days of distress, so hard for a young child to bear, there gleams the spirit of brave unselfishness which in after years

shone out with a beautiful and all-pervading lustre.

"Don't cry, mother," said the courageous little sufferer many a time ; "I will bear it if it will make me better."

And it did make her better ; for skilful treatment, and the mother's untiring love, succeeded in mastering the trouble ; and Mary came to enjoy, after all, a healthy, vigorous and bright childhood.

All that was strong in her nature was fostered by the bracing influences of her country home, amidst which she seemed to grow up without the sense of fear, and would express her surprise when less daring members of the family betrayed a timidity which she evidently was unable to understand. Her enjoyment of horse-exercise was unbounded, and continued throughout life.

She cared little how mettlesome or unruly the steed, if it would only go freely. Once at least her nerve was severely tested, when a spirited horse which she was riding refused the control of her childish arm, and went away at full speed towards a long, low shed. She saw the danger, dropped the bridle, got her feet clear, and, as the horse darted from under her

into the shed, caught the eaves with her hands, and dropped to the ground, somewhat shaken and bruised, but not seriously hurt. Many another adventure befell the child in the pursuit of her favourite out-of-door pleasures; but they impressed her as so little extraordinary, that they passed from her own memory, though some of them are well remembered by her friends to this day.*

All these things would be of too trifling im-

* Many years afterwards, when Mrs. Calvert was in the Fiji Islands, she found, on visiting one of the stations, some horses. Unbroken as they were, the rare chance of a good ride could not be foregone; and, to the terrified astonishment of the natives, the white lady sped away not only without fear, but with evident delight. And after many years more, far away at the South African Diamond Fields, when a dear friend placed at her disposal a noble black horse, her waning strength seemed to be nerved afresh by the favourite exercise. At Kimberley, people know what riding means, and many there learned to admire the firm seat, and light, steady hand of the missionary's wife, as she hastened here and there on 'Blackey,' visiting the sick and other friends. Even then she was little dependent upon others' help in mounting or alighting.

Still a few years more, and our dear friend lay dying in her last earthly resting-place—in England once more. Within a few days of the end, in extreme weakness, she whispered to her son, 'Blackey would be of no use to me now.'

portance to be recorded here, if looked at only by themselves. But when regarded in their relation to her after-life, they are seen to fulfil their purpose as parts of a most valuable training for the exacting and often dangerous service in which many following years were to be spent. But little thought the boys in that country home, when they saw themselves rivalled, if not outdone, in daring by their young sister; and little thought the merry maiden herself, that she was being made ready for the Master's use in high enterprise, which would tax her endurance and her courage to the utmost. Before her conversion, and when it seemed to her that she must spend her life, as her parents had done before her, within the narrow village limits, her spirit fretted at the prospect. In those days emigration almost belonged to the region of wild romance, and voyages to far-off lands were matters of desperate adventure for all but seafaring folk; yet, she used to say, "If I were a man, England should never keep me. I would go abroad." Thus again the training for her life's service, all unknown to her, was going on and completing itself, watched and ordered by Him Whose love was yet to waken her to new thoughts, and open

before her a new course, wherein she was to loyally follow Him to the ends of the earth.

But, to trace the history of this better life, we must go back to Mary Fowler's child-days. When she was about seven years old, her father died. Two years before this her mother became a Christian. For the first time in her life she had then heard a Methodist preacher; and by him there came to her a message of such Divine authority and evidence, that she said, "This is the truth. I feel this is the truth. It is what I have been long seeking." And before that simple service closed, her mind was made up to abide in the fellowship wherein the word of the Gospel had first been to her a word of power. To carry out this decision required no little courage. In a matter which had now become to her of vast importance, she knew that, even within her own house, she must stand alone. Religion, as taught in the parish, was the one thing about which people need not disturb themselves, whatever else might excite their emotion or make demands upon their earnestness. No wonder that the parish resented a new order of preaching the Gospel, which affirmed in strong terms that men and women were in terrible need of it, and set forth its claims as of

immediate and supreme importance: and thus these Methodist intruders came to be everywhere spoken against, except by those who acknowledged the Divine truth of their message.

Among these was Mrs. Fowler: and her acceptance and confession of the truth were without reserve or faltering, notwithstanding the reproach of her neighbours, and, for a time, the strong opposition of her husband. But her consistent fidelity, and the manifest happiness with which her religion brightened her life, told at last, and compelled the admiration of many who had visited her first Christian decision with rebuke.

Nothing in her religious character was more marked than this happy brightness, which delighted to find expression in frequent song. All her children inherited her love of singing, and were encouraged by her to cultivate the knowledge of music. They learned, amongst them, to play several musical instruments; and many a happy evening was spent in hymn-singing thus accompanied, and now and then, in somewhat more advanced performances. The music done, one, whose turn it was, read from the Word of God, and then, with her children kneeling round her, the widowed mother poured

out her full heart in prayer. But for her the worship was not then ended. When all but herself were asleep, many a night found her watching hour after hour, while she pleaded with her God on behalf of her children. It was often the burden of those prolonged intercessions, that she might be spared to see all her children brought to God, and settled in life. She lived to see this desire fulfilled in the case of one after another ; and in a few weeks after the complete answer of her prayer, she entered into rest.

The decisive change in Mary Fowler's religious life did not take place until she was twenty years of age. The history of this great crisis which is here given is of the greater interest, as coming from the pen of the venerable minister who was permitted to take an important part in it, and still lives after more than fifty years of faithful service.

In the year 1834, the scourge of cholera fell upon the land, and many of the towns and villages of Buckinghamshire were smitten. The Revs. George Warren and John Killick were then the ministers stationed in the Aylesbury Circuit ; and they, hearing in this visitation a call to the people to repent, held special ser-

vices in various places, and, amongst the rest, at Buckland. Of these Mr. Killick writes as follows :

“On the 8th of October, 1834, I went to tea with the kind and hospitable family at Aston (Mrs. Fowler’s), which was my usual practice before preaching at Buckland. I found that the cholera had removed several in the neighbourhood, after a few hours’ suffering. In consequence of this, when we reached the chapel, we found it filled with people in a very excited state. I preached that night from Isaiah lv. 7, 8, thinking it was suitable to the circumstances under which we were assembled. I went again the next night, and preached from Amos iv. 12 : ‘Prepare to meet thy God.’ A prayer-meeting was held after each service, when in every part of the chapel there were strong cryings, tears and prayers, to Him Who was able to save. I distinctly remember the then Mary Fowler as one of the earnest suppliants for mercy. She particularly requested her brother to come and pray with her. I believe she found peace with God through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, on that second night.”

She forthwith joined herself in church-fellowship to the people amongst whom she had found

her new life, and at once devoted to the service of God all the resources of her strong, bright nature, now hallowed by His saving grace. This devotion was carried out from the beginning in a solemn and deliberate spirit of sacrifice. While the young convert's newborn joy was still fresh, this was written with deep impression on her heart, "If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him : if we deny Him, He also will deny us." For a time that word never left her. Neither did she seek to escape from it. To her great love, the thought of suffering for the Saviour and of confession of Him brought no fear or chill ; but, with reverent thankfulness, she put in her claim for her share in the reproach and toil of her Lord. In the uneventful life of her country home, she found no opportunities for eminent service or great self-denial. Not waiting for these, she straightway began to do *what she could* ; and thus, when more momentous claims were afterwards made upon her Christian fidelity, it was found disciplined and ready.

Mr. Killick further writes : "One instance of her courageous zeal for God's cause I cannot forget. Just at that time it was necessary that a new chapel should be built at Buckland. She

set herself vigorously to work, and collected a large portion of the money required."

It is still remembered that in those days, when the road from Aston to Buckland was so bad as to be all but impassable, Mary, on her way to the chapel, used to take the meadow alongside of the road, and then, by getting through a hedge, and jumping a somewhat formidable ditch, gain a firm and smoother path at last. Through all sorts of weather, and disheartened by no difficulty, she made that journey in time to attend the prayer-meeting each Sunday morning at eight o'clock, though she knew—as sometimes really happened—she might have to 'lead' the meeting herself, in addition to the lighter and more frequent task of setting the tunes for the singing. As soon as the prayer-meeting was done, the Sunday-school began ; and in this she remained until eleven. Then came the walk home, and back to the public service in the afternoon, and again in the evening. This was her regular Sunday work, and her place at other services during the week was very rarely empty. With a modest, cheerful fidelity, she lived in accord with the praise which her sweet voice often sang :

" Too much to Thee I cannot give ;
Too much I cannot do for Thee."

One of the most marked features in her character throughout her life, was a fulness of tender sympathy with the weak and suffering. Nor was this a mere warmth of sentiment, but it always meant on her part a readiness of self-sacrifice for the help and benefit of others; and in those days of her early discipleship, she sought out the afflicted poor, going sometimes to the most godless people in the neighbourhood, when they were brought low with trouble; and when she found distress that overtaxed her own resources of relief, making applications to others for means to carry out her work of mercy.

The rule laid down by the Master is of universal application: "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much." Compared with the service which she afterwards rendered, these doings of Mary Fowler's life, in its quiet round of homely circumstances, seem to be but little. But in that ready fulfilment of such measure of opportunity as came to her, she was gaining fitness for larger and higher work. Alas for it! How often the *much* comes to be ill-done, because the *little* has been unfaithfully neglected!

So far, we have traced the quiet current of

this life in the retired scenes through which it first flowed. We have now to watch it pass out into a broader channel, and run sometimes over rough places, amidst strange and wild surroundings; but evermore, through all and in spite of all, hastening on its appointed way to a Divinely blessed end.

In the summer of 1837, James Calvert, a young local preacher, who had just offered himself as a candidate for missionary service, visited the Aston home, as the friend of one of the sons, who was himself looking forward to work in the Christian ministry. In the course of a few months the visit was repeated, Mr. Calvert being now a student in the Theological Institution at Hoxton. Early in 1838 it was resolved to send men to reinforce the mission to the Fiji Islands, and the Missionary Committee, unexpectedly finding themselves able to send three instead of two, called upon Mr. Calvert to go. Forthwith he consented, and went down into Buckinghamshire and asked Miss Fowler to share his lot. The proposal was sudden, but probably not altogether unexpected. There was little time for delay, as the mission party was to sail in April. The cost—and it was very heavy—was deliberately counted, and the life of danger

and sacrifice was accepted. Mr. and Mrs. Calvert were married in March, and in about a month afterwards, accompanied by John Hunt and his wife, set sail on a four months' voyage to New South Wales.

They reached Sydney in August, 1838, and immediately found abundant employment, as the young missionaries were in great request for preaching and attending meetings. Thus it fell out that Mr. Calvert had to take an outdoors service one Sunday morning near the Hay-market. With a little impatience of zeal, as it seemed to some, he began before the appointed time, and found no congregation. His young wife accompanied him, and, as she had often done at home, started the tune of the opening hymn. Very soon the people gathered to the sound, and the preacher went on with his work, his faithful companion standing by and handing tracts to those who would take them. The next day a letter came from a gentleman, telling a strange story. On the Saturday he had landed from Tasmania, where he had been living a godless life for many years. At his lodgings, when night came, he made the discovery that his pocket had been picked, and about forty pounds stolen. The shock of finding himself thus pen-

nilless and friendless in a strange land excited and aggravated the misery of a guilty conscience, and he fell into utter despair ; inso-much that, in the course of a restless night, he resolved to put an end to his life. In the morning he sharpened his penknife, and went out towards the churchyard, intending there to open an artery in his neck. On his way the clear, sweet voice of a singer broke in upon his dark mood like a holy spell, and he must needs turn aside to listen ; and the thought formed itself, that it would be well to join in one act of worship before he died. As he heard song and prayer and exhortation, long-forgotten good came crowding back into his mind—the thought of a Methodist home far away in London, and his mother, a good class-leader, who died when he was a boy ; and receiving a tract, as he said, “from the young lady,” he turned away to face life once more. The reading of the tract completed his decision to seek after God. When told afterwards that the preacher—he knew not why—had begun the service too soon, he wept, and said, “If you had not, I should have been a dead man.”

This incident is told here at length because it had a very important influence upon the

young missionary pair just on the threshold of their great work. With grateful hearts they accepted it as an earnest of hope. It stands also, just at this particular point, as a beautiful picture, exactly foreshowing all that was to follow, without a single break, of the young bride's wedded consecration to her husband's work. In moments of great need, and at times of great peril, she was never absent from his side ; and, tracing back the course of that fellowship now, though it sometimes passes into great gloom and distress, her part all through seems to be set to the cheerful music of un-failing song.

On October 25th the mission band left Sydney, and after an uncomfortable voyage, in a small, ill-found schooner, reached Fiji on December 22nd, a Saturday evening, having called at the Friendly Islands on their way. The next day they landed on Lakemba, welcomed by one of the two missionaries who had been three years in the group, and glad to spend their first Sunday in their new home ; for home it was to be to Mr. and Mrs. Calvert for nearly ten years.

If we could recover the record of the first

impressions of the English girl on coming to live among the cannibal savages of Lakemba, we should find matter of intense interest. But it was so characteristic of her to put all personal considerations into the background, that she actually herself almost forgot the shocks and surprises, the privations and discomforts, of those early days. In after years, when, in talks of loving friendship, she was questioned about some of these times, she would speak of her own part therein with almost sportive indifference.

She at once found her work, and set herself to do it. Without any formal study, she rapidly got hold of the language of the people, and before very long began to teach in the schools and to meet classes. She delighted in giving the natives instruction in singing, as they also greatly enjoyed being taught ; and soon familiar tunes, which she had often "set" in Buckland prayer-meetings, were being sung by these her dark fellow-worshippers to words of their own beautiful Fijian tongue.

While her husband was gaining the power of preaching the Gospel to the people in their own language, and, utilising the knowledge of the missionaries already on the ground, was working

hard at the printing-press which had been sent out with him, Mrs. Calvert proved herself a help most meet for him, in that her life was a daily revelation of Christianity, before her lips could frame words which the natives could understand. Here, as in the case of the two noble women of the mission who had preceded her, womanhood was displayed to them in an altogether new phase, and adorned with attributes which they had never imagined. Here was one who tried to explore the mysteries of their domestic life, darkened as they were and robbed of love by cruel customs, and put herself alongside their troubles that she might comfort them. Here was distinctly a woman's work which no other hand could do; and every act in it, as the people soon got to see, pointed them to Jesus Christ as its only explanation. No mere sentimental affection could have carried her through this service, wherein she fulfilled the offices of a loving fellowship with the sick and the suffering, amidst circumstances which at each step outraged her feelings and shocked every sense.

During those years in Lakemba four children were born at the Mission House, and once Mrs. Calvert was brought very low in severe illness, with no help at hand but such as was furnished

by her husband's simple, rudimentary knowledge of medicine. Afterwards she went through a period of acute suffering, when attacked by the prevalent disease of ophthalmia. During all these events she maintained a wonderful patience, of which there were many things well worth the telling, if they could only be told. Let this, at least, be recorded here, for the praise of God's grace in her, that with an un-failing self-sacrifice she made it her study that no pain nor care, no danger nor need of hers, should hinder the mission work ; and when distant places had to be visited by dangerous canoe journeys, she would not suffer her loneliness to be any argument against Mr. Calvert's leaving her. During four years of this period he also was very ill ; and had it not been for her untiring and cheerful ministry of love, his service would very likely have been altogether interrupted.

Mrs. Calvert did not write much, and seemed to be specially unwilling to put anything on paper concerning her own doings. This makes such a letter as is here given in part the more precious. It was written to her brother, the Rev. Philip Fowler, and affords us, in its own simple fashion, much insight into what the life

of a missionary's wife was in those Lakemban days, not four years after her first arrival. Its date is August 11th, 1842.

"The *Triton* arrived here the first of this month, landed a few of our goods, and set off for Somosomo the same day, with my beloved and Mr. Williams on board. I suppose from there she would go to Rewa and Viwa to fetch Mr. Cross and Mr. Jaggar, and return to Somosomo, where they would hold the District Meeting.

"I feel very anxious for the return of the vessel; and every little noise I hear, I think and hope that she has come. It is customary here for the natives to set up tremendous shouting at the sight of a vessel or canoe; and the morning the *Triton* arrived, three other vessels were in sight at the same time. Such a thing was never seen in Lakemba before, I should think: and really the poor fellows did not know how to shout loud enough, nor when to cease. The other vessels were in search of sandal-wood, and called at Lakemba for provisions, and some men to help them. We have very few vessels touch here. The anchorage is not at all good."

After speaking of certain difficulties which

would greatly perplex the counsels of the District Meeting, she goes on :

“I think I hear you say, ‘Mary, have faith in God.’ May the Lord increase our faith! We know nothing is too hard for Him. He has greatly prospered the work of our hands, and I feel quite encouraged to believe He will carry on His own blessed work in these lands. Yet I cannot help wishing the Roman Catholics would keep away, and not come to make a great stir about their new religion ; for it is quite new to the natives.

“Last June a French vessel called here, having on board a Roman Catholic bishop and priest. She was at anchor several days, and we had the bishop and priest to tea with us twice. They left a native teacher, and said they should be back in about four months to know the result of his labours. The poor fellow is still alone, and no one wishes to join him. Mr. Calvert has had some very long conversations with him, and has given him a Tongan book, for which he seems very grateful. He is a Tongan. I think he is halting ‘between two opinions.’ The bishop left Lakemba for Tonga, and there left a priest on one of the islands.

“The king’s favourite daughter [about twenty years of age] has been very ill indeed. No one thought she could live. But day after day she held out beyond all expectation. The old king had the [heathen] priest to offer riches to his gods, till he was tired. There is now only one priest at Lakemba ; so the king sent off to an outer island to fetch two others ; and of course they obeyed the king’s orders, and came. Nothing was left undone that they could possibly do ; and yet they could not get the gods to ‘be of a good mind,’ and save the young lady. At length they found that all their offerings were in vain ; and a Tongan chief who has embraced religion, and is very anxious that the king and his people should do the same, said, ‘Why do you not let her embrace religion, and serve the true God?’ The king said to her, ‘Tangithi, will you *lotu*?’ She assented ; and Mr. Calvert was sent for. He went, sang and prayed, and conversed with her ; and the next day she sent, saying she wished to come to our house and remain with us for a time. Several men brought her on some pieces of wood fastened together for the purpose, and she was put into our study. She began to recover rapidly, and in a few days was able to sit up and eat her food

with her attendants, who were not a few. The young princess said, 'I only hated religion, and am now greatly ashamed of my past conduct. I was extraordinary in telling lies ; and if I had died in my illness, I should not have known anything about religion.' She soon learned the alphabet, and is getting on well with her book. She left us last Tuesday, strong and well. It is about six weeks since she first came. The king said afterwards, 'There is a famine of whales' teeth [in consequence of the large offerings made to the gods], *yang-gona* (an intoxicating root of which the king is very fond), and of food. Yet, after all, Tangithi would have died if she had not served the true God.'

"About three weeks since, one of the king's little children was taken ill, and he wished its mother to bring it to our house, that it might have medicine and be under Mr. Calvert's care. The dear baby soon got worse, and the mother said it was to *lotu*. They went to ask the king if the child might embrace religion. The king said, 'Yes.' We told the mother that the child did not know anything about religion, and that it would be well for her to pray to the true God, and endeavour to feel resigned to His will. However, in two or three days the baby died,

and of all the noises I ever heard, theirs was the worst. It died in the middle of the night, and they called Mr. Calvert to inform him. He got up, and had one of our boxes prepared for burying it. I kept in bed with the children. The child's name was Mata-ika, and the mother kept crying, 'Where are you going, Mata-ika?' And really if shouting, screaming, pulling the poor child's eyes open, oiling its body, and tumbling it about, could have fetched the babe to life again, they could not have done more for it than they did. They kept up this awful noise for about six hours in our house. I shall never forget it. We were quite afraid the mother would go and burn her body, and shave her head, or something of this sort, as is customary with the natives. She made her hands *tambu*, sacred; so that when she ate, some persons fed her; and the same when she smoked. The natives are sad smokers, and grow their own tobacco.

"I fear I shall tire you with what, perhaps, will not be interesting. Please forgive me. I should have said that in a few days the mother returned to our house, said her child had died in the religion, and she herself would follow it. She attends the chapel on the Sabbath,

and comes to the female school on the week-days. What a blessing if it should be the means of her conversion! God grant it may!"

After speaking of the news, recently received, of her own mother's death, and sending various messages to friends, Mrs. Calvert closes the long letter with the words, "My birthday. Twenty-eight years old."

It is perhaps worthy of note, that she one day acknowledged, with distress and self-reproach, that she had neglected to pray for her mother, and for several months it was a source of great grief to her that she found herself falling into the same neglect. News at last reached her that during this very period her mother was already dead.

The following extracts from a letter written in 1847, are valuable as affording a further insight into the realities of mission life in Fiji at that time, and as revealing some of the beautiful features of the writer's character.

"The *John Wesley* came in on Sunday, the 12th (Sept.), with Mr. and Mrs. Lawry, the two new missionaries, their wives and children, also Mr. and Mrs. Watsford from Ono, with their two children. We gave them all a hearty welcome, and our excitement was so great that

it seemed impossible to get any sleep that night. We have been alone again this last year, and I have not seen an English lady since we parted with dear sister Lyth till just now. . . . The vessel was here only two nights, and then left with the brethren for Viwa. Mr. and Mrs. Malvern remain at Lakemba, and I hope we shall be happy together. Mr. M. is getting on with the language. They are both good singers : and I shall be very glad if we can do anything to improve our singing in the chapel. I often think of dear P. While he is transported to heaven, as it were, with good singing, we are put into purgatory with all the fearful discords you ever heard.

“ *Oct. 4.* To-day most of our time has been taken up in attending a young chief, who is very ill in the king’s settlement : and as Mr. Calvert is at the District Meeting, and Mr. Malvern does not know the language, I have been obliged to take up my cross, and do the best I could. Poor fellow ! He is afraid to die, and begged of me to pray to God to spare his life, and to go again in the morning to see him. He has sent for me twice to-day, and takes his medicine very well. May the Lord help him to put his trust in Jesus !

" 8th. The young chief is much better to-day, and, I think, will soon be able to get about again. We told him that this affliction was a warning to him, and that, if he recovered, he must not trifle with religion, as he did formerly, but give his heart at once to God, and serve Him only. I spoke plainly, and told him my fears; that if he got quite well he would forget God's love to him, and just go on as he used to do. He said: 'Oh no. I have but one mind. I give my heart to God. I shall not forget His love to me, but will attend to the *lotu*; and many more will do the same.' O that it may be so!

"To-day I heard that there was a man dead in the settlement, and that his wife wished to be strangled. I told Mr. Malvern what I had heard; and we set off to beg the king to prevent it, and save the poor woman's life. He said: 'The man is yet breathing; and you must both go and see him. As for the woman, she will not be strangled, for she has no friends (that is, no near relations) to do it. We went to see the poor man; but it was too late for medicine to do any good; and he soon died. You see what relatives in Fiji can do. The poor creature was lying with his face all covered with black, a

head-dress about his head, a quantity of native cloth near him ; and his grave was dug just outside the door. They seemed only waiting for his last breath, and he would soon be put out of their sight.

" *Oct. 19th.* Five weeks to-day since the *John Wesley* left for the District Meeting. I begin to think the time long, and hope she will soon return. Many of our people are suffering with influenza ; and most of the time is taken up in attending to the sick. The king is poorly with it ; and he is dreadfully alarmed lest he should die. This morning, before it was light, his people called me up to go to see him. We were soon at his house ; and there we found him, surrounded with the chiefs and people, sitting on a mat by the side of the fire, with a piece of white native cloth tied on each arm, and two or three head-dresses round his head. He told us that was his preparation for death ; for he knew very well that he should die. I told him that he did not look like a dying man, and that he must at once throw away his decorations. He did so ; and we gave him some plain truth. He said : 'Leave me, and I will *lotu* as soon as I am well.' We reasoned with him a long time,

and then came away. We have been three times to see him, but he still says he shall die.

“*20th.* The vessel has come in, and we are all bustle.”

Two years after this, Tui Nayau, the king of Lakemba, publicly renounced heathenism, and attached himself to the Christians.

Towards the end of 1848, Mr. Calvert went to Viwa, another part of the group, a hundred and fifty miles away. Here he was detained by the fatal illness of the Rev. John Hunt. It was already determined that he should remove to the printing establishment at that island; but as he could not quit his dying friend, and the *John Wesley* was waiting to carry out the transfer, he was compelled to leave the whole business of the removal in Mrs. Calvert's hands, having sent a native to help her in the packing. Thus this brave woman, with her four little children, was left to dismantle the home which had become dear to her in the last ten years—the scene of much toil, many sufferings, and also of many joys. The work was faithfully done, the passage safely made, and the family reunited in a new home at Viwa, on which lay the sacred shadow of John Hunt's recent death.

Here the demands of her position became greater than ever ; and the time and patience of the housewife were often sorely taxed by the frequent visits of chiefs and others from Bau, the capital of the group, which was very near. Their neighbourhood to this great centre also brought to the mission family many callers from other islands. To all, whatever it cost her, Mrs. Calvert gave a bright, cheery welcome ; and all these, as well as the people who came to barter the produce of their gardens and nets for English goods, learned to regard with grateful affection the lady, the fame of whose generous kindness was thus spread far and wide. On one memorable occasion, when Mr. Calvert, at a distance from home, fell into the hands of savages in time of war, he owed his escape mainly to the fact that he was recognised by one of their number as the husband of the lady at the wooden house at Viwa.

Another claim upon her time and strength, to which her loving sympathy yielded hearty response, came from her sisters in the mission, who at times stood in sore need of all the help she could render. Many a long journey did she thus take, sometimes carrying her own young baby ; and in lone stations her happy presence

and warm ministry of goodness were prized, as only those know how to prize such help who, when needing it most, find themselves out of the reach of the fellowship and aid they require. Perhaps by none is the memory of Mrs. Calvert held in deeper esteem of grateful love, than by these faithfully devoted women, who, like herself, nobly shared the burdens and contributed largely to the success of the mission work.

There came a great sorrow during the seven years' residence at Viwa. When Mrs. Hunt with her two children left, the Calverts entrusted to her care their eldest child, Mary, then ten years old, to be taken home for education in England. A year and a half afterwards they were eagerly awaiting the first English news of their little girl. The *Wesley* came, and the first news was, that Mary was dead.

The following quotations from a letter to this dear child are pathetic beyond measure, as the date, September, 1850, shows it to have been written by the mother all unconscious that her darling had been laid, five months ago, in an English grave:

"MY VERY DEAR MARY,

"It is now more than twelve months since the *John Calvin* was stated to be in the Downs: and this we read in a paper more than seven months ago, and waited patiently for the arrival of the *Wesley*, hoping to receive letters from you, sister Hunt, and other friends. But, to our great, very great disappointment, we had not one! We trust you all reached home safe, and are all well and happy. We shall feel very anxious to hear how you got through the first winter; and when you write, tell us all you can. . . .

"Oh, my dear Mary, I wonder if you have a new heart yet, or not. I hope you have; and that you are happy in God. What a loving God is ours! He listens to a little child, and is quite ready and willing to bless, and save, and make her happy. Jesus invites you to come to Him. What a mercy! Trust in the Lord with all your heart, and the Lord will bless and save you.

"In June we all went over to Bua: and I and your brother and sisters were there seven weeks. We enjoyed our visit very much; and then your kind father came in the *Wesley*,

and, to save time and expense, took us on by Lakemba [where the District Meeting was held] to Viwa. . . .

"We were eight days with Mrs. Lyth at our old house, and we felt as if we had got home again. The old friends were very glad to see us; and we felt as delighted to see them. We had a good missionary meeting there, and the people gave willingly. This was their first meeting of the kind. . . . The old king has *lotued*; and they all appear comfortable. . . . There has been quite a revival amongst the native children at Lakemba; and Sivoki (Wetasau's daughter), Victoria, and some others are thought to be truly converted to God. I met their class, and was very much pleased with them. There were about twenty in the class. . . .

"The Lord bless you, my very dear Mary!"

To this period belongs the story which has been told again and again, and will continue to be told as long as men have in remembrance the way in which the Lord helped His servants to establish in Fiji the Christianity which has utterly overturned its ancient heathenism with all its attendant horrors. A great festival, to do

honour to some important visitors, was being held at Bau, and, that everything might be done in the best style, fourteen persons were captured, and brought to be cooked for the feast. When the terrible news reached Viwa, both the missionaries were away on a distant island. Mrs. Lyth and Mrs. Calvert resolved, at all hazards, to go among the cannibals and try to rescue the victims. As their boat neared Bau, they knew by the sound of the death-drum and the firing of muskets, and then by piercing shrieks, that the work of butchery had begun. Making all haste, they stepped ashore, and, accompanied by a *lotu* chief, hurried to the king's house, where no women not belonging to the household were allowed to enter. But heedless of all but their urgent errand, they passed into the forbidden place, and, with an offering in their hands, pleaded before the deaf old man for the women's lives. Staggered at their heroic daring, he gave order that the murders should be stopped. Five of the wretched women were saved. All the rest had been already slaughtered for the ovens.

In after days it was not an easy thing to get Mrs. Calvert to talk about this terrible adventure. What it cost her and her noble companion

can never be known ; and yet one of the finest features of the deed was the unconsciousness which belongs to all true courage. She could never see that she had done anything very extraordinary ; and if it caused her anything like fear, it was afterwards, when she was able to look well at the peril to which she had been exposed. An English naval officer visiting Fiji, writes about this act : "If anything could have increased our admiration of their heroism, it was the unaffected manner in which, when pressed by us to relate the circumstances of their awful visit, they spoke of it as the simple performance of an ordinary duty."*

In 1855, after seventeen years' service, Mr. and Mrs. Calvert left Fiji, and having called at Rotumah on the way, reached Sydney, where they stayed long enough to escape the English winter. Their three youngest children were left in the colony that they might undergo some preparation for further change of climate after leaving their tropical birthplace ; and the parents, with two of the elder children, who

* *Journal of a Cruise among the Islands of the Western Pacific, in H.M.S. Havannah.* By J. E. ERSKINE, Capt. R.N.

had been at school in New Zealand, arrived in England in the spring of 1856, and settled at Woodbridge, in Suffolk, where Mr. Calvert was to assist in the final revision of the Fijian translation of the Scriptures, in concert with the Rector of St. Mary's, Woodbridge, who was then the editorial superintendent of the Bible Society.

Here Mrs. Calvert found herself for the first time the mistress of an English home ; and it was a charming thing to see how she began by framing everything on the free fashion of the old Mission-house life. The most timid forgot their fears in the open light of her smile ; and the suffering, bowed with secret trouble, soon learned the way to that most unconventional home, where they could always command ready and warm sympathy. And if any who were accustomed to trade on their wants, found how liberally kindness was dealt out there, they were not long in discovering also that it was administered by one whose natural and well-practised shrewdness disconcerted their most plausible inventions. Those who were admitted into the inner love of that household, will always reckon the privilege amongst the most precious of their lives.

Before things were well settled in the new abode, Mrs. Calvert freely put her services at the disposal of the Church, and worked as diligently and as lovingly amongst the afflicted and the poor at Woodbridge as she had done at Lakemba or Viwa.

Here at last she had the joy of gathering all her children around her, the little ones having come safely from Australia ; and it seemed as if her life was to be blessed with the comparative repose, so well earned, of completed home happiness in her own land.

Towards the close of this more quiet period, Mrs. Calvert was suddenly laid aside by an accident, in which she suffered a compound fracture of a knee-cap. Although this caused her very little pain, it imposed the unwelcome necessity of absolute rest. She was attended by a doctor who was himself already stricken by a fatal disease, and had no knowledge of personal religion. The piety which he saw exhibited in his patient, not only in uncomplaining endurance, but in a bright serenity which was never disturbed, so impressed him that, all unknown to her, he sought for himself the secret of her courage and happiness. After her recovery, and shortly before his death, he wrote

to give thankful acknowledgment of the beautiful example which had guided him to salvation through faith in Christ Jesus.

In about four years, while Mr. Calvert was still engaged in his revision work, news came of death amongst the missionaries in Fiji, and it was determined that the last reinforcements which were to come from England should be sent out at once ; and six young men and their wives, together with another devoted couple for the Friendly Islands, were set apart for this immediate service.

Those who witnessed in the Woodbridge home the debate and the decision of the question that then arose, can never forget it. One of the strongest and most experienced men had lately fallen in the work out yonder. Were these dear young recruits sufficient to meet the exigency which had thus arisen ? Was it well to let them go alone ? It was the unspoken meaning of that question, as for the moment it seemed to threaten the mother's very life, that must now be considered. A warmer, more clinging love than hers for her darlings never filled any woman's heart. She steadfastly, and with a pitiful look of pain, faced the anguish that was coming close upon her ; and before any one

had dared to put the momentous question into words, she solemnly answered it. "We must go back," she said, "to Fiji." But the children? They could not go back. No; she saw it all. She knew the Lord called for her husband and her to do His work; and though her heart all but broke, it trusted in Him that He would care for her dear ones. These servants of the Lord had endured many afflictions together in the Master's service, but this was the heaviest of all. It was the costliest sacrifice they had been required to render, and it was presented with unreserved loyalty.

On the voyage out, the younger members of the mission party learned to love Mrs. Calvert with a devoted affection. There are few things could give such evidence of the triumph of her unselfishness, as the fact that in sea-sickness, from which she always suffered much, she yet made it possible to look after the comfort of others. She at once gave all the stores of her wide experience for the benefit of her companions, especially of the young wives. Thus they got the advantage of many a little expedient for adding comfort to a life on ship-board. She met them in class, and, weather permitting, drilled them in the elements of

the Fijian language, while Mr. Calvert was performing the same offices for their husbands. The passage from Sydney to the islands was very trying to patience and Christian temper, for the accommodation on board the *John Wesley* was overtaxed, and they had much sickness. Throughout all, notwithstanding her own sufferings and the repressed anguish of her soul in leaving her children, Mrs. Calvert's cheerful courage was a light that brightened all the rest.

A few short notes, selected from memoranda, made by Mrs. Calvert for her children, while on the voyage, and after her arrival in Fiji, will be of interest here.

"*Dec. 20th*, 1860. This is the first day I have mustered energy to write since we came on board the *Liberator*; but the morning is so fine and spring-like, and the wind so light, quite next to a calm, that I thought I must note down a little of our proceedings since we came on board.

"We are well pleased with our vessel, and with Captain Martin; for we pass every vessel we sight. On Wednesday night we came to anchor. On Thursday the tug left us with a

fair breeze, and we have been getting on well. Most of us were sick up to Saturday. On Sunday I felt better, and attended both services in the Bay of Biscay. On Monday we had a good breeze, and I was poorly again. On Tuesday we had a very strong fair wind, and most of us were dreadfully sick. Wednesday, the 19th, was a comfortable day. All were feeling better. I hope our worst week is over; although I would rather suffer with a fair wind, than be well in a calm. However, I have been able to *make* my bed for the first time (it was only put straight before), and set my things a little in order. Now I am going to work a little, and hope soon to have our young people at their Fijian.

"26th. Oh, dear me! What knocking and tossing about lately! A strong head wind and rough sea against us; and, for two nights and a whole day, blowing a gale. We have thrown overboard four sheep and twelve ducks; and several fowls have died. We shipped some heavy seas, but our vessel stood it nobly, and through God's goodness we are safe. Yesterday, Christmas Day, we all felt better. The wind had abated, and the morning was fine; and we were all thankful to get on deck once more.

We talked much of dear friends and home, and fancied you were all very happy.

"28th. Dead calm. Just off Madeira. A beautiful, bright, warm day. We have had contrary winds for several days, and now a calm; and yet our captain keeps in good temper.

"31st. A fine, bright day, and a fair wind. Good-bye to land and ships. We had our watch-night service at English time—one hour and twenty-eight minutes before ship's time; and we felt we were one in spirit with thousands of our beloved friends at home. I trust we all made a fresh surrender of ourselves to God and to His cause. The Lord was with us, and we felt His presence.

"Jan. 1st, 1861. Our beautiful vessel is going on nicely, and we are nearing the Canary Islands. The wind is fair and the sea pretty smooth. We wish all our dear friends a very happy new year. How I should love to see them all just now! Since I have been on board ship, I have felt so poorly and lifeless; I seem to have depended on the prayers of our dear praying friends in England, and believe the precious Saviour pitied my weakness. Some of the men got drunk in the night, and the captain

was very much grieved. In the morning, at the breakfast table, he signed the pledge.

"*7th, Monday.* Mr. White preached yesterday morning. The awning was up, and the decks beautifully clean : the captain and most of us in our summer dress. The weather bright, the wind fair, and all of us pretty well. I quite enjoyed the service. Mr. White gave out the thirty-third hymn, and Mr. Nettleton started my dear brother Philip's favourite tune, which made me think very much about him ; and I wished he could have seen us just then, and joined in singing the sweet hymn. I felt very happy, and believe God heard the prayers of our beloved Christian friends in England. . . . The weather is getting very warm ; and if this lovely breeze continues, we shall reach the Line in three or four days. Some of us have not felt quite so well to-day ; and I have managed only a very short lesson with two of the sisters.

"*Feb. 10th, Sunday.* Mr. Horsley preached in the morning, and Mr. Tait in the afternoon. A fine day, a stiff breeze, and everything comfortable. How many and great are our privileges !

"*Monday, 11th.* We are not quite so near the Cape of Good Hope as we expected. The wind

has fallen off a little, and the weather is unusually fine. We have now rounded the Cape ; but the wind is very light, and we are going on quite smoothly.

" 25th. A delightful breeze and plenty of tossing about. Two stunsail yards broken, and a good deal of sea shipped. Just the weather Captain M. has been longing for. Twelve knots an hour. Finished reading *Madame Guyon*.

" *March 12th.* Was very poorly last night with something like an ague-fit, and feel weak to-day. Land in sight, a fine wind, and our expectations raised—all hoping to be in Sydney this week.

" 18th. Light winds seem to prevail to the last ; and here we are with land in sight and flapping sails.

" 19th. Cast anchor, and safe on shore."

" *April 23rd.* After spending five weeks in Sydney, and enjoying ourselves very much, we have had a nice rest, and feel quite fresh for another trip.

" A very wet, uncomfortable day. A great disappointment to our friends who came down with us on the steamer. We got on board the *John Wesley* about noon."

[The weather prevented their starting until the 26th.]

"*May 19th, Sunday.* Mr. Clifton preached on deck. A fine breeze sprung up yesterday in the evening, and land was sighted. This morning were quite near in passing it, and we could see some houses. It is the island of Eua, several miles from Tonga. It is a lovely day, and a delightful wind ; and the good *John Wesley* passed through the entrance nobly, and about three o'clock dropped her anchor at Nukualofa, Tonga Tabu. Of course we were all excitement, and delighted to be so near land again. There are seventeen small islands we counted in sight.

"*29th.* Sighted the Fijian Islands, and have been all excitement as we passed Ongea, Vulanga, and Namuka.

"*30th.* This morning we were off Lakemba, and Father and I went on shore in the boat loaded with stores. Mr. Langham met us on the beach, and took us up to Mr. W. Fletcher's. The vessel does not anchor here. So, as soon as the goods were landed, we came off with the three brethren, Mrs. Langham, and Mrs. Polglase. We met many of our old native

friends, who seemed delighted to see us. Many past scenes flitted across my mind ; and I cannot but wonder how it is that so many have been taken to their rest, and yet we are spared. We went into the town, and found the old king sitting on his mat. The house looked shabby, and the town too. I inquired the reason of all this, and our native friend said : 'So many of the chiefs and people are dead, and others do not care to build up the place.' ”

On his reaching Fiji again, it was decided that Mr. Calvert should settle at Levuka, on the Island of Ovalau. This place had in recent years become a centre of great importance. The islands were attracting more and more the notice of the commercial world, and the spread of Christianity had made it possible for white men to traffic and to dwell in safety in almost all parts of the group. Trade had greatly increased, and its chief emporium was at Levuka. Here was the best anchorage, and therefore the place was visited by all the mercantile vessels and ships of war belonging to the English, American, or French navies, which came to Fiji. At this town also was the residence of both the English and the American consul.

It will be readily seen that all these facts told seriously upon the occupation of the mistress of the Levuka Mission-house. Naval officers of different nations, scientific travellers, and other distinguished visitors enjoyed her ready hospitality. Sometimes wanderers were thus brought under a good influence to which they had long been strangers. "She made me think of my mother," said a weather-beaten sailor, brushing a tear from his cheek; "and her kind words and good cup of tea brought home back to me." Even the very "beach-combers"—lawless settlers of the Pacific Islands—would lift their hats at the mention of her name.

The younger members of the mission who had come out with her, she had taken fully into her large, generous love, and they learned to call her mother. She never wearied in her thoughtful kindness towards them; and when they were scattered in distant stations throughout the group, cut off from intercourse with the outer world, she was ever on the watch for opportunities of sending to them. Many a time the information, generally kept secret until the last moment, would somehow reach her, that a canoe belonging to some far-off island was going to start on her return voyage at daybreak; and

she would sit up hour after hour, writing up all the news which had reached the principal port, and adding words of good cheer, for the help of the lone workers away yonder, to whom these letters were "as cold waters to a thirsty soul." Then, bad sailor as she was, nothing was allowed to keep her away from the missionaries' wives when they specially needed her presence and help. Sometimes in a native canoe, sometimes in an open boat, and at best on some schooner, on the deck of which, if the weather was decent, she could sleep with entire comfort, she journeyed on her errands of love.

The faculty of making herself comfortable with the slenderest means, Mrs. Calvert possessed in an excellent degree. The inconveniences and annoyances which embittered the lives of others, and made them sadly eloquent with complaint, she insisted upon rating at a small value; while her warm, trustful heart had an affinity for all that was good and helpful and merciful, which made her discover and assimilate blessings which sometimes had been unsuspected until she found them out. This faculty made her a model comforter. Under the spell of her cheerful piety, despondent souls found themselves surprised into hopefulness;

while her strong good sense and simple sagacity, expressed in a few words of child-like modesty,—as if she were saying the most unimportant thing in the world,—would often point the way out of difficulties which were sorely perplexing other brains and hearts. In not a few instances, one of these quiet little speeches, put almost in the form of a pleasant jest, has been enough to stop some one from following an ill-considered and unwise counsel.

In nursing the sick and ministering to the sorrowful, she never seemed to intrude, inasmuch as she had in perfection the beautiful power of putting herself into close fellowship with the sufferer. It is impossible to measure the benefit conferred upon the natives by her consummate skill in nursing. In many a Fijian home to-day, pain is alleviated and sickness controlled by expedients of kindness and simple arts of healing which were first revealed by her teaching and example. At Levuka, too, she had full opportunity for the exercise of these gifts amongst white men,—sometimes broken down by their own vices,—and amongst their widows and orphans, suddenly left desolate in a foreign land. Not deterred by their sins, but seeing only their trouble, she ministered to all with

the like readiness of love. When, after her departure from Fiji, a meeting was held to consider the establishment of a hospital in Levuka, and the subject of a suitable matron was discussed, a Roman Catholic priest said to the Rev. Joseph Nettleton, "We want such a lady as Mrs. Calvert. When she visited my people, she did not ask, 'Are you Catholic?' or 'Are you heathen?' or 'Are you Wesleyan?' but 'Are you *sick*?' and 'What can I do for you?'"

The mission being well manned, well worked, and in vigour and prosperity, Mr. Calvert returned to England in the early part of 1866, when he settled down at Bromley, in Kent, as a Supernumerary Minister, resting after long and arduous toil. And here, rejoicing once more in having some of her children about her—for some were grown up and scattered here and there—Mrs. Calvert fell at once into her old ways of quiet work, meeting a class, and finding out for their help the sick, the mourners and the needy, and endearing herself to Christian people of all Churches. Thus, six calm but busy years were spent.

Then came another, and a great and unex-

pected change. Although the now veteran missionary was occupying his rest with a great deal of active service, the consciousness that he had strength for further work made it impossible for him to settle down in prolonged quietness. His second daughter had been three years in South Africa, whither she had gone on account of her health ; and bad news of her, which had lately arrived, made the mother's heart long to be with her failing child. In these circumstances, Mr. Calvert accepted an appointment to Bloemfontein. But before they started on their new mission, the parents were overwhelmed with grief in hearing of Sarah's death. They were at once released from their engagement ; but it seemed to them that their very loss was setting them at liberty for fresh work, and they put themselves without restriction at the disposal of the Missionary Society. Special help was just then needed at the South African Diamond Fields ; and there they consented to go and serve.

Accompanied by their youngest daughter, they again left England in October, 1872, and after calling at several places, reached Bloemfontein, where their Sarah lay buried, just before Christmas.

In March of the following year they set out on the wagon-journey to the Diamond Fields ; and they remained at Kimberley for nearly two years. Here Mrs. Calvert's long-continued good health began to show signs of failing, though as yet there was nothing which she would acknowledge to be a sufficient reason for abating her usual full employment in all good works. The next station was at Potchefstroom, in the Transvaal Republic, whence, after sixteen months, they removed to Pietermaritzberg. Here they remained for six months, and then spent nearly two years at Durban, in Natal ; after which they returned to Kimberley, and stayed more than two years at the Diamond Fields.

None of these changes had wrought any permanent improvement in Mrs. Calvert's health ; and loving eyes, in spite of the obstinate hope of loving hearts, could not help seeing that her strength was gradually breaking down. An incurable cough, frequently accompanied by low fever, was wasting her away ; and in the early part of 1881 she left for England, where she landed on April 20th. The years spent in Africa, though in very different circumstances, were marked by all the same characteristic

features which have been already hastily sketched as belonging to her South Sea life. There was not a place visited in either of the Colonies, where there were not left friends, who deem it among the most precious things of their life that they knew Mrs. Calvert, and enjoyed her sympathy and Christian love.

Those who saw her on her return home, were painfully shocked by her altered appearance; and it was almost more touching to note how the old brave, bright, unselfish spirit asserted itself as cheerfully as ever. She was little disposed to talk about herself, but was ready to converse with lively interest about the concerns and prospects of the missions she had just left, and the friends she had learned to love in Africa, especially those with whom she had been in times of their trouble and sorrow.

The worst fears on Mrs. Calvert's account were now confirmed by a medical examination, which discovered serious disease of the lungs; and henceforth she who, all her life long, had ministered to others, became the object of the tender and devoted nursing of those to whom she was unspeakably dear. During the summer she was able to visit her relatives, and a few of the many friends who longed to have her

in their homes ; and in September she settled down, with her husband and eldest daughter, at Torquay. Here she took a keen interest in all the arrangements, and seemed to be at perfect rest from the moment she entered her "little English home"—as she called it. And here, for two months, she appeared to gain strength.

Into the sanctuary of that little home we are permitted to take a privileged glance. The autumn sun shines brightly into the sitting-room, lighting up with a warm glow the couch at "mother's window." A quiet light that comes from beyond the sun plays upon the worn face lying there in wondrous content and perfect peace, as the dear invalid offers the silent sacrifice of musing thankfulness, or joins in family talk, or listens to reading, or to her daughter's singing to the little organ.

She insisted upon getting up to breakfast at eight o'clock, and when urged to have her breakfast quietly in bed, would say : "No, I'm tired of bed, and I love to sit down with father and Lakai." This was her daughter's Fijian pet name. After prayers, and the settling down of the little household, she would rest in a chair by the fireside, reading. Then she would remain for an hour together with her Revised

Testament, having, as she sometimes said, "a chat with Paul," or perusing some book that spoke to her in the tones she needed. Just before the daylight faded, she had tea, and then, turning again to the fire for what she called "our lazy time," would look at her daughter with indescribable tenderness and delight, saying, "Mother and her sweet Lakai!" And so the two would talk on together, going over the years of separation, or further back to her own early life, and those first days in Fiji. And then her love spoke its yearnings for her other dear children, one by one, some at a far distance, and all occupied in their own centres of life. Presently, as the conversation drew in more closely, she would begin to tell concerning herself: "It is all peace within. I just leave myself entirely in my Heavenly Father's hands, and have no anxiety about the future. I know that if He sees fit to send me greater suffering, He will give greater grace to bear it." And thus the days went on, in so happy a calm that, notwithstanding frequent suffering, it seemed as if there might be for her many a month yet of carefully-sheltered life.

In the middle of November, she was greatly brightened by the arrival of her youngest son

from Africa ; and two days after drove to the station to see Mr. Calvert start on a journey to attend some missionary services at Bradford. On the following Sunday she was not so well, but would attend the chapel, as she longed to 'go with the boy' once more. There she heard her last sermon ; and the text came as a message of preparation : *Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you.* That evening, new and distressing symptoms showed themselves, and thenceforward her appetite failed, and her strength slowly and steadily wasted away. She had her last drive ; and by degrees it became an event for her to be fully dressed. And thus the time went on until Christmas, and the year of suffering and waiting drew to its close. During the evening of the last day of the year she slept a good deal, and woke up refreshed as Mr. Calvert was leaving for the Watchnight service. Her daughter and son remained with her, reading her favourite Psalm, the one hundred and twenty-first, and beloved hymns. A little before midnight she prayed long and fervently ; and then the New Year's hymn, "Come, let us anew our journey pursue," was read.

On January 4th, 1882, she greeted her doctor with a smile, saying, "I've had such a lovely sleep, doctor." In the course of the day, she would insist upon her daughter's going for a walk, bidding her not to hurry back. But she was glad to see her come in again about four in the afternoon, for she was feeling worse. She said, "You came just as I wanted you. God has helped us through so beautifully!" A changed look, impossible to describe or to misunderstand, came over her face as she said, "I feel so strange all over." And thus the winter evening darkened upon her and upon the watchers weeping beside her, who listened for her few faint words, in which she spoke lovingly of her absent ones, and said, "We must all meet in heaven;" and presently, for the last time, they heard the voice of her prayer: "Precious Jesus, take me to Thyself!" At eight o'clock that evening the prayer was answered.

Mary Calvert had lived sixty-seven years. Nearly thirty of these were spent in active mission service abroad. In the foregoing sketch there are imperfectly indicated the features which seem, to the reverent recol-

lection of love, to have most marked her character and life and work. The affection which has penned the lines is unconscious of having concealed anything necessary to the truthfulness of the portrait, except it be that its excellencies have been toned down by a jealous fear lest those who knew not this well-beloved one should discredit her memory by deeming the description to be overdrawn. All into whose lives has come the blessedness of having Mrs. Calvert for a friend, will know how to sympathise with the writer of this brief record, in that he has found it impossible to do justice to, the meek goodness, the cheerful courage, the bounteous kindliness, the ungrudging devotion of one of the most perfectly beautiful lives he has ever known—a life which, by the grace of God, illustrated, in a rare degree of completeness, the sacred word, "*Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.*"

